Music at Convocation Hall

An Evening of Italian Baroque Music

Jolaine Kerley, soprano, Russell Whitehead, trumpet,
Guillaume Tardif, violin, Jennifer Bustin, violin, Aaron Au, viola
Josephine van Lier, cello Marnie Giesbrecht, harpsichord/organ

Friday, February 11, 2011 at 8:00 pm

Programme

Cantata: Qual Mormorio giocondo

Alessandro Melani(1639-1703)

Recit: Qual Mormoria giocondo
Aria: Aura Vezzosa
Recit: Che una breve speranza
Aria: Se la gioia che sento nel core
Recit: Cosi dell`alma mia
Aria: La mia pace cara

Sonata III for Violoncello and Basso Continuo in C Major

Francesco Geminiani (1687-1762)

Andante
Allegro
Affetuoso
Allegro

Cantata: Laudate Pueri

Jan Dismas Zelenka(1679-1745)

Aria: Laudate Pueri
Aria: Qui Sicut Dominus
Aria: Amen

Intermission

Concerto no. 3 a Quattro in F major for strings and continuo

Alessandro Scarlatti(1660-1725)

Allegro
Largo
Allegro ma non troppo
Adagio
Allegro

Cantate: Su le sponde del Tebro

Alessandro Scarlatti(1660-1725)

Sinfonia
Recit: Su le sponde del Tebro
Sinfonia
Aria: Contentatevi, o fidi pensieri
Recit: Mesto stanco e spirante
Arioso: Infelici miei lumi
Aria: Dite almeno
Ritornello
Recit: All`aura, al cielo
Aria: Tralascia pur di piangere

MUSIC AT CONVOCATION HALL

FEATURING:

JOLAINE KERLEY, SOPRANO
RUSSELL WHITEHEAD, TRUMPET
GUILLAUME TARDIF, VIOLIN
JENNIFER BUSTIN, VIOLIN
AARON AU, VIOLA
JOSEPHINE VAN LIER, CELLO
MARNIE GIESBRECHT, HARPSICHORD/ORGAN

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Text and Translations

Qual Mormorio Giocondo

Recit.
Qual mormorio giocondo, qual canoro concento
di cristallino fonte rende sorda Giunone
e muto il vento I inusitato lume,
di mille stele, e mille splende per l`etra,
é dégli` orrori a scorno sorge la note
a garreggiar col giorno.

Aria.
Aura vezzosa, mentre riposa
vola al mio sol, a lui che dorme
in dolce forme svela il mio duol,
Quella ritrosa bocca amorosa
baciale almen, dille chìo vivo
di luce privo senza il mio ben.

Recit.
Che una breve speranza per dar conforto all`alma
mi mostra per pietade entro un Egeo di duol
placida calma.

Aria.
Se la gioia che sento nel core è dolore,
crudo Amor, perché sforzi ad amar
Se la pen ache provo nel petto è diletto,
Dio bambin, perché sforzi a penar
Se m`alletti con placido inganno, dio tiranno,
Il mio sen perché fai sospirar.
Se di vincer con barbare frodi, solo godi,
dio crudel, perché farti adorar.

Recit.
Così dell`alma mia un nume lusinghier si fa tiranno,
promette gioie e mi comparte affanno.
Ma quell`affanno, oh Dio, sebben turba
del cor le cara pace, mi tormenta,
lo sento, eppur mi piace.

Aria.
La mia pace cara cara
Sol tra l`ombre vo cercando
che un tiranno m`involò,
ma una pena amara amara
va quest`alma tormentando
con quell ben che ancor non ho.
Entro un mare quieto quieto
il pensier già va aolcando,
finch`al porto guingerò.
Vedo il lido lieto lieto
e a lui dice sospirando:
forse un dì ti bacierò.

What Joyous Murmur

Recit.
That happy whispering and singing harmony
of the crystalline fountain make Juno deaf,
and silences the wind; and the unusual light
of thousands of stars make the air shine;
and mocking all the horrible things, Night rises,
competing against the Day.

Aria.
Gracious breeze,
while he (Juno) is resting,
fly to my sun (my love)
who sleeps
in sweet shapes,
Reveal my pain, gracious wind,
while he is resting.
That shy, loving mouth,
kiss it! Kiss it as least…
tell him that I live
deprived of light
without my love.

Recit.
A little hope seems to give comfort to the soul,
and mercy enters into sadness with calm
tranquility.

Aria
If the joy I feel in my heart is pain,
Oh cruel love, why do you keep loving.
If the pain I feel in my heart is delight,
Oh God, why do you keep suffering.
If you entice me with calm deceits, Oh cruel God,
Why do you make my heart suffer.
If you only enjoy winning with cruel fraud,
why do you make people adore you.

Recit.
So, an alluring God becomes a despot of my soul;
he promises joy, but he gives pain.
But that pain, oh God, even when it disturbs
the dear peace of my heart.
I am tormented, I know, and still, I like it!

Aria
My peace, dear, dear,
has been shadowed
and stolen by a tyrant!
But a bitter pain
is tormenting my soul
with the love that I do not have yet.
In a calm sea,
my thoughts are rowing
until I reach the harbour.
I see the happy shore
and my thoughts say with a sigh,
`maybe one day I`ll kiss you…`

Laudate pueri Dominum	*Praise the Lord, O Children*
Laudate pueri Dominum, laudate nomen Domini. Sit nomen Domini benedictum ex hoc nunc et usque in saeculum. A solis ortu usque ad occasum Laudabile nomen Domini. Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus, et super coelos Gloria ejus.	Praise the Lord, O children, praise the name of the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord from henceforth now and forevermore. From the rising of the sun to its going down the Lord`s name is to be praised. The Lord is high above all nations, His glory above the heavens.
Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster, qui in altis habitat et humilia respecit in coelo et in terra. Suscitans a terra inopem, et de stercore erigens pauperem, ut collecet eum cum principibus, cum principibus populi sui. Qui habitare facit sterile in domo Matrem filiorum laetantem.	Who is like the Lord our God, who dwells on high, Who humbles Himself to behold the things that are in the heavens and in the earth. He raises the poor out of the dust, and lifts the needy out of the ash heap, That He may seat him with princes, with the princes of His people. He grants the barren woman a home like a joyful mother of children.
Gloria Patri, Gloria filio et Spiritui Sancto, sicut erat in principio et nunc et simper et in saecula saeculorum, amen.	Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be world without end, amen.

Su le sponde del Tebro

Recit.
Su le sponde del Tebro, ove le Dee latine
fecero à gl`Archi lor corde del crine, cola
Aminta il fido da Clori vilipesa con dolore
infinito disse al ciel`, disse al mondo,
io, io son tradito!

Aria
Contentatevi, o fidi pensieri, trattenervi
per guardie al mio core, che gl`affanni,
gigantic guerrieri, dan`l`assalto,
et è duce il dolore.

Recit.
Mesto, stanco e spirante del duol`che
l`opprimea, rivolto a gl`occhi suoi cosi dicea:

Largo
Infelici miei lumi, già che soli nio stiamo,
aprite il varco al pianto, e concedete al core,
che tramandi su gl`occhi il mio dolore.

Aria
Dite almeno, astir crudely, quando mai vi
offese il petto, che ricetto voi lo fate di dolore.
E già martire d`amore nelle lacrime fedeli
a sperar solo è costretto.

Recit.
All`aura, al cielo, ai venti Pastorello gentil
cosi parlava, e pur l`aura crudel fido adorava;
ma conoscendo al fine, che nè pianti, nè
preghi sapevano addolcire un cor die sasso,
risoluto e costante così disse al suo cor
schernito amante:

Aria
Tralascia pur di piangere, povero afflitto cor,
che sprezzato dal tuo fato non ti rest ache
compiangere d`un infida il suo rigor.

On the banks of the Tiber

Recit.
On the banks of the Tiber, where the Latin
Goddesses plaited bow-strings of hair, faithful
Aminta, from his infinite anguish cried to
Heaven and Earth of the scornful Chloris,
``I am betrayed!``

Aria
Be content, O faithful thoughts, to remain the
guardians of my heart, assaulted by sorrow
and anxiety, those mighty warriors whose
leader is pain.

Recit.
Sad, exhausted, and sighing with grief that
oppressed him, thus spake he to his eyes:

Largo
Unhappy eyes, since we alone remain, open
thy gates to my tears and suffer my heart to
pour out its sorrow through thy lids.

Aria
At least say, cruel stars, when did my heart
offend thee, that you thus fill it with grief.
Martyred for love, it is constrained to hope in
the tears of faith.

Recit.
To the air, to the sky, to the winds the gentle
shepherd spake, and yet again the cruel air he
trustingly implored; but at last, perceiving
that no tears, no prayers could soften a heart
of stone, the disillusioned lover spake firmly
and resolutely to his heart:

Aria
Cease to weep, poor afflicted heart, since, despised
by fate, nothing remains to thee but
to lament the cruelty of a faithless one.

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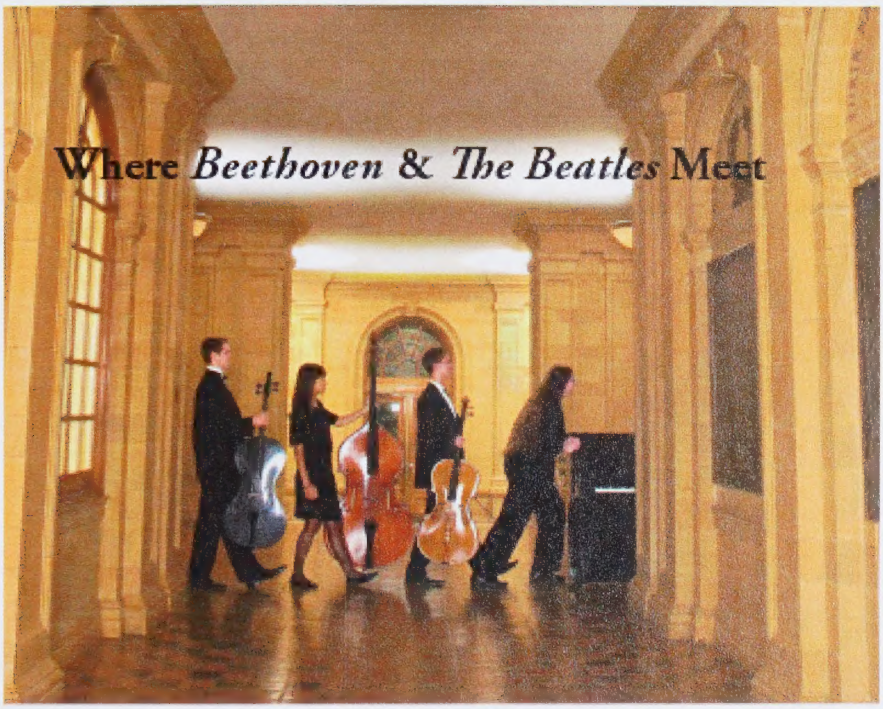

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